





THE PASSION

Of A Discontented Minde.

From silent night, true Register of Moanes;
From saddest soule, consum'd with deepest sinnes,
From heart quite rent with sighs & heavy groanes;
My wailing muse her wofull worke begins:
And to the world brings tunes of sad despaire,
Sounding nought else but sorrow, griefe, and care.

Sorrow, to see my sorrowes cause augmented,
And yet lesse sorrowfull, were my sorrowes more;
Griefe, that my griefe with griefe is not preuented;
For griefe it is must ease my griued sore.
Thus griefe and sorrow cares but how to griue;
For griefe and sorrow must my cares releue.

A 2

The

The Passion of a

3.
The wound fresh bleeding must be stancht with teares,
Teares can not come, vnlesse some grieffe proceed;
Griefes come but slacke, which do increase my feares,
Feares, left for want of helpe I still shoulde bleed.
Do what I can to lengthen my liues breath,
If teares be wanting, I shall bleed to death.

4.

To GOD.

Thou deepest Searcher of each secret thought,
Infuse in me thy all-affecting grace;
So shall my workes to good effects be brought,
While I peruse my vgly sinnes a space:
Whose staining filth so spotted hath my soule,
As nought will waste, but teares of inward dole.

Profane Poets.

O that the learned Poets of this time,
(Who in a loue-sicke line so well indite)
Would not consume good wit in hatefull Rime,
But would with care some better subiect write:
For if their musicke please in earthly things,
Well would it sound if straind with heau'nly strings.
But

Discontented Mind.

6

But woe it is to see fond worldlings vse,
Who most delight in things that vainest be;
And without feare worke Vertues soule abuse,
Scorning soules rest, and all true piety:
As if they made account neuer to part
From this fraile life, the pilgrimage of smart.

Mundists.

7

Such is the nature of our foolish kinde,
When practiz'd sinne, hath deeply taken roote,
The way to penance due is hard to finde,
Repentance held a thing of little boote.
For contrite teares, soules health, and Angels ioy,
Most men account a meere phantasticke toy.

Impenitents.

8

Ill working Vse, deuourer of all grace,
The fretting moath that wasteth soules chiefe blisse,
The slie close thiefe that lurkes in euery place,
Filching by peece-meale till the whole be his.
How many are deceiued by thy baite,
T'account their sinnes as trifles of no waight?

*consuetudo
tollet pecc-
-candi sensus.*

A 3

O

The Passion of a

9.

Confession.

O cursed custome, causing mischief still,
Too long thy craft my fences hath misled;
Too long haue I beene slaue vnto thy will;
Too long my soule on bitter sweetes haue fed:
Now surfeiting with thy hell-poysoned cates,
In deepe repent, her former folly hates.

10.

Contrition.

And humbly comes with sorrow-rented hart,
With blubbred eyes, and hands vp-rear'd to heauen;
To play a poore lamenting Mawdlines part,
That would weepe streames of blood to be forgiuen:
But (oh) I feare mine eyes are drain'd so drie,
That though I would, yet now I cannot crie.

11.

If any eye therefore can spare a teare,
To fill the well-springs that must wet my cheekes,
O let that eye to this sad feast draw neare:
Refuse me not, my humble soule beseekes;
For all the teares mine eyes haue euer wept,
Were now too little, had they all bin kept.

I see

Discontented Mind.

^{12.}
I see my finnes arraign'd before my face,
I see their number passe the moathes in Sunne,
I see that my continuance in this place
Cannot be long; and all that I haue done
I see the Iudge before my face hath laide,
At whose sterne lookes all creatures are aside.

Reflection on Sin.

^{13.}
If he be iust, my soule condemned is,
And iust he is; what then may be expected,
But banishment from euertlasting blisse?
To liue like curst *Caine*, base, vile, abiected: *The Sinners self-cruelty.*
He in his rage his brothers bloud did spill,
I more vnkind mine owne foules life do kill.

^{14.}
O could mine eyes send trickling teares amaine,
Neuer to cease till my eternall night,
Till this eye-flood his mercy might obtaine,
Whom my defaults haue banisht from his sight:
Then could I blesse my happy time of crying,
But ah, too soone my barren springs are drying.

Thrice

The Passion of a

15.
Repenting
DAVID. Thrice happy sinner was that blessed Saint,
Who though he fell with puffe of womans blast,
Went forth and wept with many a bitter plaint,
And by his teares obtained grace at last:
But wretched I, haue false of mine accord,
Ten thousand times against the liuing Lord.

16.
Yet cannot straine one true repentant teare,
To gaine the blisse from which my soule is banisht:
My flinty heart some sorrowing doth forbear,
And from my sence all true remorse is vanisht:
For heart and sence are cloyd with drgs of sinne,
And theres no place for Grace to enter in.

17.
Penitent
riall Prayer. No place (deere Lord) vnlesse thy goodnesse please
To pittie him that worst deserues of any;
And in thy tender mercy graunt him ease,
As thou tofore hast mercy shew'd to many:
Yet none of those do equall me in sinne,
Oh how may I hope mercy then to winne.

The

Discontented Mind.

¹⁸
The Traytor *Judas* heere borne to perdition,
Who for a trifle did his Lord betray,
In equall doome defendeth more remission,
Then my defaults can challenge any way:
He sold him once, that once for gaine was done,
I oftentimes, yet lesse then nothing wonne.

*On Christs
Betraying.*

19.

The bloody minded *Iewes*, in fury mad,
Vntill on Christ their cruell rage was fed,
In their fell anger more compassion had
Then I, for whom his harmelesse blood was shed:
Their hellish spite within a day was past,
My sinfull fit doth all my life time last.

Passion

For eu'ry stripe that he from them did take,
A thousand deadly sinnes haue I committed;
And eu'ry wound as deepe a wound did make,
As did the cords wherewith my Christ was whipped:
Oh hatefull caitiffe, parricide most vile,
Thus (with my sinne) his pure blood to defile.

B

O

The Passion of a

Sinne. O sinne, first parent of mans euer woe,
The distance large that seuers hell and heauen;
Senses confounder, foules chiefe ouerthrow,
Grafted by men, not by the grafter giuen:
Consuming canker, wasting foules chiefe treasure;
Onely to gaine a little trifling pleasure.

22.

Happy were man, if sinne had neuer bin,
Thrice happy now, if sinne he would forsake;
But happier farre, if for his wicked sinne
He would repent and hearty sorrow make:
Leauing this drosse and fleshly delectation,
To gaine in heau'n a lasting habitation.

Heaven. There is the place wherein all sorrowes dye,
Where Ioy exceeds all ioyes that euer were;
Where Angels make continuall harmony,
The minde let free from care, distrust, or feare:
There all receiue true contentation,
Happied by heauenly contemplation.

Now

Discontented Mind.

24.
Now see (alas) the change we make for sinne,
In steed of heau'n, hell is become our lot;
For blessed Saints, damn'd fiends we euer winne;
For rest and freedome, lasting bondage got:
For loy, content, eternall loue and peace,
Griete, dispaire, hate, iars that neuer cease.

Hell.

25.
The worme of conscience still attendeth on vs,
Telling each howre, each instant we shall dye;
And that our finnes cannot be parted from vs,
But where we are thither they likewise flye:
Still vrging this, that death we haue deserued,
Because we fled from him we should haue serued.

Conscience.

26.
What greater sinne can touch a humaine hart?
What hellish fury can be worse tormented?
What sinner liues that feeleth not a part
Of this sharpe plague, vnlesse he haue repented?
And yet Repentance surely is but vaine,
Without full purpose, not to sinne againe.

Reluctancy.

B 2

And

The Passion of a

27.
Sting of Sin. And is it not then plaine follies error,
To couet that that brings with it contempt,
And makes vs liue in feare, distrust, and terror,
Hating at last the thing we did attempt?
For neuer sinne did yet so pleasing taste,
But lustfull flesh did loath it when t'was paste.

28.
Selfe Witnesse my wofull soule, which well can tell,
In hiest top of sinne's most fresh delight;
Although my frailty suffered me to dwell,
Yet being past, I loath'd it with despight:
But like the swine, I fed mine owne desire,
That being cleane, still coueteth the mire.

29.
lust. So greedy is mans beastly appetite,
To follow after dung-hill pleasures still;
And feed on carrion like the rauening kite,
Not caring what his hungry maw doth fill:
But worketh euermore his wils effect,
Without restraint; controlement, or respect.

○

Discontented Mind.

O! why should man, that beares the stampe of heauen,
So much abase heauens holy will and pleasure? *Expeculation.*
O! why was sence and reason to him giuen,
That in his sinne cannot containe a measure:
He knowes, he must account for euery sinne,
And yet committeth sinnes that countlesse bin.

This to persue (deere God) doth kill my soule, *Expeculation.*
But that thy mercy quickeneth it againe;
O, heare me, Lord, in bitternesse of dole,
That to my sinnes do prostrate here complaine;
And at thy feete, with *Mary* knocke for grace,
Though wanting *Maries* teares to wet my face.

She, happy sinner, saw her life misse-led,
At sight whereof, her inward hart did bleed,
To witnesse with her, outward teares were shed;
O blessed Saint, and o most blessed deed:
But wretched I, that see more sinnes than she,
Nor giue within, nor yet weepe outwardly.
B 3 When

The Passion of a

23.

When she had lost thy presence but one day,
The want was such, her heart could not sustaine;
But to thy tombe alone she tooke her way,
And there with sighes and teares she did complaine:
Nor from her sense, once moou'd or stir'd was shee,
Vntill againe she got a sight of thee.

24.

But I haue lost thy presence all my dayes,
And still am slacke to see thee as I should;
My wretched soule in wicked sinne so stayes,
I am vnmeete to see thee, though I would:
Yet, if I could with teares thy comming tend;
I know I should (as she) find thee my friend.

25.

Teares. Teares are the key that ope the way to blisse,
The holy water quenching heauens quicke fire:
The attonement true twixt God and our amisse;
The Angels drinke, the blessed Saints desire:
The ioy of Christ, the balme of griued hart,
The spring of life, the ease of eu'ry smart.

The

Discontented Mind.

36

The second King of Israell by succession,
When with *Vriahs* wife he had offended,
In bitter teares bewaild his great transgression,
And by his teares found grace, and so repented:
He, night and day in weeping did remaine;
I, night nor day to shed one teare take paine.

Instance

37

And yet my finnes, in greatnesse, and in number
Farre his exceed; how comes it then to passe,
That my repentance should so farre be vnder;
And graces force, deere God, is as it was?
Truth is, that I, although I haue more need,
Do not, as he, so truly weepe indeed.

Reflection

38

O wherefore is my steely heart so hard?
Why am I made of mettall vnrelenting?
Why is all ghosly comfort from me bard?
Or, to what end do I deferre repenting?
Can lustfull flesh, or flatterring world perswade me,
That I can scape the power of him that made me?

Expostulation.

No-

The Passion of a

39.
God's No no, the secret searcher of all hearts,
Omniscience. Both sees, and knowes each deed that I haue done,
And for each deed will pay me home with smart,
Omnipotence. No place can serue, his will decreed to shunne;
I should deceiue my selfe, to thinke that he
For sinne would punish others, and not me.

40.
Adam's lapse. Our first borne fire, first breeder of mans thrall,
For one bare sinne was of perfection rest,
And all mankind were banisht by his fall
From Paradise, and vnto sorrow left:
conclusion. If he for one, and all for him feelee paine,
Then, for so many, what should I sustaine?

41.
Angels ejection. The Angels made to attend on God in glorie,
Were thrust from heau'n, and onely for one sinne,
That but in thought (for so recordes the Storie)
For which they still in lasting darknesse bin:
consequence. If those, once glorious, thus tormented be:
I (basest slaue) what will become of me?

What

Discontented Mind.

What will become of me, ^{§ 1. 1. 1.} that not in thought, *Sins mentall*
In thought alone, but in each word and deed, *& a small.*
A thousand thousand deadly sinnes haue wrought,
And still do worke, whereat my heart doth bleed :
For euen now, in this my sad complaining,
With new made sinnes, my flesh, my soule is staining.

O that I were remou'd to some close caue, *Monastick retiremt.*
Where all alone retired from delight,
I might my sighes and teares vntroubled haue,
And neuer come in wretched worldlings sight;
Whose ill bewitching company still brings
Deepe prouocation, whence great danger springs.

Ill company, the cause of many woes, *Evill Society.*
The surged baite, that hideth poysoned hookes,
The rocke vnseene, that shipwrackt soules o'rethrowes,
The weeping Crocodile, that kills with looke,
The readiest step, to ruine and decay,
Graces confounder, and helles nearest way.

C

How

The Passion of a

How many soules do perish by thy guile?
How many men without all feare frequent
Thy deadly haunts, where they in pleasure smile,
Taking no care such dangers to prevent?
But liue like *Belialls*, vnbrideled or vntamed,
Not looking, they shall for their faults be blamed.

Alas, alas, too wretched doe we liue,
That carelesly thus worke our owne confusion;
And to our wils such liberty do giue;
Ay me, it is the diuels meere illusion,
To flatter vs with such sense-pleasing traines,
That he thereby may take vs in his chaines.

This well foresaw good men of auntient time,
Auntient Which made them shunne th'occasions of foule sinne,
Knowing it was the nurse of euery crime,
And Syren-like would trayne fond worldlings in :
Alluring them with shew of musickes sound,
Vntill on sinnes deepe shelve their soules be drown'd.
But

Discontented Mind.

But he is held no sociable man,
In this corrupted age, that shall refuse
To keepe the cursed company now and than;
Nay but a foole, vnlesse he seeme to chuse
Their fellowship, and giue them highest place,
That vildest liue, and furthest off from grace.

The Worlds censure.

But better tis, belecue me, in my tryall,
To shun such hell-hounds, factors of the Diuell;
And giue them leaue to grudge at your deniall,
Then to partake with such in sinne and euill:
For if that God (in iustice) then should slay vs,
From hell and horror, who (alas) could stay vs?

*experimentall
Councell.*

Good God; the Iust (as he himselfe hath spoken)
Should scarce be sau'd, O terror vnremoueable,
What then should they that neuer had a token,
Or signe of grace (soules comfort most behoueable)
But gracelesse liu'd, and all good deedes did hate,
What hope of them that liue in such a state?

C 2

O

The Passion of a

Penitential Exercise.

50.

O who will giue me teares, that I may waile
Both nights and dayes, the dangers I haue past;
My soule, my soule, tis much for thy auaille,
That thou art gotten from these straites at last:
O ioy, but in thy ioy mixe teares withall,
That thou hast time to say; Lord heare me call.

51.

I might as others (Lord) haue perished,
Amid my sinnes and damnable delights;
But thou (good God) with care my soule hast cherished;
And brought it home, to taste on heau'nly lights:
Ay me, what thankses, what seruice can I render
To thee, that of my safety art so tender?

52.

Desolation of sinners way.

Now do I curse the time I euer went
In sinnes blacke path, that leadeth to damnation;
Now do I hate the howres, I haue mis-pent
In idle vice, neglecting soules saluation,

Revocation.

And to redeeme the time I haue mis-worne,
I wish this howre, I were againe new borne.

But

Discontented Mind:

53
But vaine it is, as faith the wisest man, *now time irrevocable.*
To call againe the day that once is past;
O let me see what best is for me than, *future obedience.*
To gaine thy fauour whil' st my life doth last,
That in the next I may but worthy be,
Eu'n in the meanest place to waite on thee.

54

I will, as did the prodigall sonne sometime, *Spoule.*
Vpon my knees with hearty true contrition,
And weeping eyes, confesse my former crime;
And humbly begge vpon my low submission,
That thou wilt not of former faults detest me,
But like a louing father now respect me.

55

Or, as the wife that hath her husband wronged,
So will I come with feare and blushing cheek:
For giuing others what to thee belonged;
And say, my King, my Lord, and Spoule most mocke,
I haue defil'd the bed that thou didst owe;
Forgiue me this, it shall no more be so.

C 3

Yet

The Passion of a

36.
Yet, for the world can witnesse mine abuse,
He hide my face from face that witcht mine eyes;
These gracelesse eyes, that had my bodies vse,
Till it be withred with my very cries:
That when my wrinckles shall my sorrowes tell,
The world may say, I ioy'd not, though I fell.

27.
Eu'n thus will I, in sorrowing spend my breath,
And spot my face with neuer dying teares,
Till aged wrinckles messengers of death
Haue purchas'd mercy, and remou'd my feares:
And then the world within my lookes shall read,
The piteous wracke vnbrideled sinne hath bred.

28.
And that which was a pleasure to behold,
Shall be to me an euer-gripping paine;
All my misdeedes shall one and one be told,
That I may see what tyrants haue me flaine:
And when I haue thus mustred them apart,
I will display on each a bleeding hart.

And

Discontented Mind.

And lest my teares should faile me at most need,
Before the face of faith Ile fix my Sauours passion,
And see how his most pretious side did bleed,
And note his death and torments in such fashion,
As neuer man the like did vndertake;
For freely he hath done it for my sake,

*Incitement to
sorrow.*

If this his kindnesse and his mercy showne,
Cannot prouoke me vnto tender crying;
Then will I backe againe turne to mine owne,
Mine owne sinne, cause of this his cruell dying:
And if for them no ~~tears~~ mine eyes can find,
Sighs shal cause ~~tears~~, ~~tears~~ make my poore eies blind.

No farre fetcht story haue I now brought home,
Nor taught to speake more language than his mothers,
No long done Poem, is from darknesse come
To light againe, it's ill to fetch from others:
The song I sing, is made of heart-bred sorrow,
Which penfue muse from pining soule doth borrow

i

The Passion of a

Thinking not I, of wanton loue-sicke laies,
Of trifling toyes, to feede fantasticke cares,
My Muse respects no flatt'ring tatling praise;
A guilty conscience this sad passion beares:
My sinne-sicke soule, with sorrow woe begone,
Lamenting thus a wretched deed misdone:

The End.

